If there is any trouble at all with " A Woman with a Record," by Mrs. Finlay Anderson (G. W. Dillingham - and we are not willing to declare that there is really any trouble—it might said to lie, we should think, in the almost prestrained epigrammatic quality of the story. and in the bold disconnection of the abundant thought. We do not mind the wickedness; a whole army of impressionists and microscopists in the matter of the amatery emotions has prepared and fortified us against surprise and shock in this particular. All the unwise and unpleasant possibilities of the sezual relation have been exhausted for us by a long succession of serious and strenuous decadent writers in many languages. Mrs. Anderson begins her novel with the paragraph: "A woman, like a horse, should have a record. Mine is fast enough to win." We do not mind. It occurs to us, indeed, that rapidity of pace is not all there is in the world, and that after a long time of hastening it might be pleasant to pulse, and the fact that Edgar Saltus and Albert Ross have written is no reason why we should not have fiction from Dr. Hepworth. But, as we say, we accept with equasimity what comes. "I am modish and well grouned." Mrs. Anderson says in her fourth paragraph. We wish that she had not possted of a condition that is expected of a woman with a record as a matter of course, and we wish she had not said "modish" and "well groomed." "Modish" is a word which has come to signify at least some degree of affecta-tion, and "well groomed" has never quite satisfactorily accounted for itself, although we believe that it is intended to express the results of eareful manicuring. It would be painful to think that "well groomed" carried in this case its primary significance, and that Mrs. Anderson's heroire had been sharply currycombed and had her feet varnished. "The glasses were refilled, and Ellis Rosseau smiled. I was painfully sober Sometimes this mood possesses me. My heart and brain seem frozen. Herbert, alas, is dead! He loved me well. His memory thrills my blood like rare old wine. The lost days, the dead days; oh, the beauty of life then is shadswed now!" That passage indicates sufficiently that Mrs. Anderson's heroine is really to be credited with a record. There were certain gross the death of Herbert Lee, but poetically he seems to have died in order to afford an upportunity to Solon Maurel, among others. Solon Maurel may have thought for a time that he had the advantage of Herbert Lee. Doubt less he was warranted in this opinion, but if he elecumstances he was made presently to see that every human felicity has its end as well as its beginning and its continuance. What Herbert lee did before the opening of the story he himself does on page 214, where the following tragic incidents are concisely recorded:

I hastily shrouded myself in a cloak and accomnied my messenger to the deathbed of Maurel. We panied my messenger to the deathcoat or more slient were slient during the short drive. I was more slient still when I stood beside the wounded man "She stabbed me," he whispered. "I deserve it for

my treachery to womankind. I have played my last earl, Lemeir, and lost. Forgive me and distrus-Maurel's dying words betrayed a woman's honor! The film of death gathered over his eyes, his voic

grew busky, then eternal stience scaled his lips and Solon Maurel's career was ended.

No reader with any sense of the obligations o everlasting justice can object to this disposal Solon Maurel. He held his conscience in sherance to a wicked degree, and he was guilty of a very great promisculty. How the heroine could have been silent on her way to him and still more silent upon her arrival at his deathled, is a matter affording considerable opportuhity for philosophical speculation. We suppose that she is silent when she is making no prest noise. This would justify the use of the comparative degree. It is a pleasure to assess from the teagle cuiminations of Mrs. Anderson's narrative to some of the lighter and bound, of course, to have a serious experience but her career need not necessarily be devoid of lacidents of pure humor and joy. On page 169, for instance, we are delighted to find the fol-

How much sport some people miss by not knowing Knowlegton to an "at home " last Sunday afternoon The house was that of a broker recently enriched by successful operations on "the street." The man's tastes are simple as to his mode of life

frients a royal good time. The house is adorned with modern art. The floors are covered with costly India rugs. The walls are hung with tapestries and Spanis leather, cosey nooks are filled with soft cushions and draped with foreign stuffs. Pictures of footlight celebrities are framed between panelled paintings of modern subjects. From the marbled entrance to th mahogany buffet in the miniature barroom all is new. The listnes law does not affect this most inviting so

Orchestral music eniteens the guests; a woman o spotless morality receives them. In the gorgeous drawing room they assemble, and wander thence to explore the picturesque scenes beyond. Fragran earliches the air, and the fountain spray falls from the uplified hands of a marble Cupid. so entrancing did Mrs. Goodwin find this little goo

of Lore that she tumbled into his arms, inistaking her bearings, with possible memories of a Turkish plunge. There was a scream, a half-smothered laugh, and the woman lay, in her latest Paris gown, chest deep in the water. She was fished out by the munificent host and barred from results of her soak by a hos whiskey.

I sympathized with the woman on account of the

steely front which her bodice presented. Water is fatal to this sort of trimming, and Mrs. Goodwin's heart can be touched only through her clothes. It was really a very droll incident, and quite varied the

Nothing could be funnier than Mrs. Goodwin, properly gowned and corseted, seeking to em-brace a Cupid and falling into the pond. The incident reminds us of Marie St. Felix's ice box. which, it will be remembered, was stocked with every known variety of things to drink, and which it is quite possible had been tested by Mrs. Goodwin before she visited the broker's house and tried to embrace the marble Cupid. As for Heloise, of whom Solon Maurel complained, we know very well that she was open to the liveliest suspicion. "Fred Manton lent Heloise a bicycle. These two seem getting on very well. A marriage between them really would not surprise me." Mrs. Anderson declares in the opening of her thirtleth chapter. It is safe to say that nothing in regard to Heloise would surprise anybody. "Forgive me and distrust Heloise" were the dying words of Solon Maurel. He had had experience and knew what he was talking about, But it is needless to linger upon the more pain-ful parts of Mrs. Anderson's story. We need indicate merely that the heroine, the unspeakable Lenoir, remains true to her unpleasant in stincts to the last. The death of Soion Maurel contains no lesson for her. "As a drowning person realizes a lifetime within a second," says Lenoir on the concluding page, "my past tweeps over me as I float onward into the uncounded sea of the future." Much good it does her. "Money bags," she goes on, "writes that he misses me amid the drudgery of his business ife. He seems without other motive than the accumutation of wealth. He thinks of coming abroad for diversion and to see me! Unless fate intervene I shall play Moneybags—the ace of diamonds as my last trump, which shall take the trick of Life;" Foor Moneybags; we can only warn him to look out for himself.

Law and the exponents of the law are so assoclated in the lay mind with things prosaic, that although Mr. Gilbert has shown us that a Lord Chancellor may have his moments of tenderness, and give expression to his sentiments in verse, and that at times even a policeman his feelings can with difficulty smother, the world too often forgets that beneath the outer integuent of the lawyer there lurgs the man, and, in the man, possibly the poet. Hence, it is with elings of pleasurable anticipation that we cut besser, a man of law, has, in the course of a career which, as no tells us in the preface, has burne "literary fruit in the form of a treatise on 'The Historical Development of the Jury

the muse in moments of intellectual relaxa-tion. His "Echoes of Haleyon Days" (Joseph Spencer Truman) are "the mental offspring of a period redolent of laurel, reminicent of 'Love's Young Dream,' replete with the carian aspirations of youth," and are "cast nto the literary maelstrom with little concern for fame and less for fortune, long addiction to he philosophy of stoicism enabling the author to dispense with what Poe so aptly termed 'the paitry compensations and more paitry com-mendations of mankind." It might seem, at first glance, almost illogical that an author should offer his wares to the public, thereby inviting their appreciation, and at the same time disclaim any desire for fame or fortune, or the paltry compensations or commendations of his fellow man; yet there is always the possibility that he may be impelled by motives of which the world is ignorant. It Mr. Andrew Lang, if we remember rightly, who declares that, of those who write books, some wish to make money, some hope for fame, and some simply want to astonish their reistions. Whatever may have inspired Mr. Lesser to place his volume before the public, he is to be congratulated on having first fortified himself by a long addiction to the phi-losophy of stoleism. Only when the poet has clothed himself in the triple armor of insensibility to uraise or blame. does he stand in an impregnable position. Then may he with serene indifference set at naught the mere arbitrary conventions of rhyme and rhythm. Who but a really independent and untrammelled bard would, when at a loss for a word to rhyme with "shades" and "glades," boldly set down " Hades," and add a foot note to the effect that the infernal region was "here nonosyllable "? The ordinary versifier, forced to seek effects within the parrow limits of grammatical correctness, may well be envious of one who can evolve such a verse as

But as flower 'neath the blast she faded mer next to fall did wane; Then it was the giant grief invaded His hard bosom, but once more again.

What subtle yet insistent force lurks in that simple phrase "but once more again!" Even one of Spain's fairest provinces, whose name, ere this, has rounded a rhyme for many a minor poet, is, in a touching stanza descriptive of the sad fate of a maid who died for love, thus forced to submit to the exigencies of our author's need:

Humble rustles found her body lying At the bottom of a dark defile.

And the land was filled with sobs and sighing For the guileless "flower of Castile." There are among other numbers "The Course

of Fate," "Sorrow: a Dirge," "The Death of Greece," nearly all of which are of a serious and solemn character, and only, perhaps, less sad than those that come under the heading of "Faceties." And yet, in spite of its eccentricities of style, due to the author's independence and originality of method, we welcome this volume as a timely reminder that the flowers of fancy may bloom even in the chill and cheerless atmosphere of courts of law, and we cannot close this brief notice more appropriately than with these extracts from the author's valedictory verses:

Go forth my book! nor weakly scan The multitudinous caravan of other books; For is the rear, or in the van, There still are nooks.

As brother bards in ancient times ompeting came to clement climes From West, from North,

So, ruing not thy rampant rhymes, hy book, go forth ! Professional Lover," by Gyp, translated by Mrs. Edward Lees Coffee F. Tennyson Neely), is one of those books that lose a great deal and gain nothing in translation. A clever and daring author, writing in a language that lends itself to the expression of the most subtle shades of meaning, may handle a risque theme, or even an unpleasant one, so skilfully that the reader's susceptibilities suffer no serious shock. But when the same theme is set forth in cold and uncompromising English, and in sentences often obviously constructed according to the formula of Mr. Ollendorff, there is a certain added volgarity which, candor compels us to admit, is often more unpleasant than mere wickedness. Not that we wish to hold the translator responsible for this vulgarity: it is inherent and inevitable. In this, her latest book, Gyp has boldly plagiarized De Maupas sant. Her "Professional Lover" is simply our old acquaintance, "Bel-Ami," drawn from woman's point of view. He is the same goodlooking scamp and adventurer, who, after allowing himself to be made love to by most of the women, married or otherwise, with whom he comes in contact, finally provides for the future by eloping with the daughter of a rich financier. But whereas De Maupassant's study, cynical and even brutal though it was, had all his wondrous power and fidelity to one side of life. Gyp's sketch, which is in dialogue form, is even lighter and frothler than ever, and is, in the original, distinctly inferior to many of her earlier productions. Raoul, the professional lover, with his "biond mustache, sliky and dishevelled, dead white complexion, big blue caressing eyes, black lashes, small eyes, fine teeth, beautiful white hands," who has at his feet women of every class, from the duchess to the "petite dame," is a preposterous person. and more than ever absurd in his English dress With him we meet, of course, the fatuous husband, his young and lively wife, and that indispensable adjunct to the family, "ic plus heureux des trois," to-sether with the usual dukes, barons, counts, and so on; and they make love to each other's wives with all the sealdnity and impar tiality that is expected by readers of this kind of novel. It would seem hardly worth while to translate such books, for the English version must inevitably bear to the originals about the same relationship that the hired acrobats on a New York roof garden bear to the cancan dance ers of the Moulin Rouge or the Jardin de Paris The epithet, "New Woman," has, thanks principally to the efforts of a number of hys terical and neurotic novelists, become, if not actually a term of reproach, at least a brand of ridicule: the female so designated being, by implication, some wild and weird creature with revolutionary ideas on sexual and other ques

question of woman's status in society, and her opportunities and limitations, is treated in s sane and wholesome way. In "The Career of Candida," by George Paston (Appletons), a young girl, the daughter of an ecunious English squire, finds herself face to face with the alternatives of a mercenary marriage or a life of dependence on relatives. who have little enough for themselves. Having been trained by her father in such a way as to foster her seif-reliance, and being a healthy-minded and high-spirited young woman, she elects to make her own way in the world. The plot of the story is of the simplest, but its language is clear and forcible, and the characters are skilfully drawn. The greatest defect in the book lies in the fact that the author's views are occasionally too directly presented, as, for instance, when, in order to heighten a contrast. a singularly uppleasant death-hed scene to unnecessarily dragged in, and described with certain crueity. Candida hereelf is a charming type of that large class of modern young girls who, while in every way womanly, are blessed with sufficient ambition and self-reliance to desire the right of exercising some control over their own actions. That she eventually finds her highest reward in a life-long sacrifice of self, is but a proof that, from a worldly point of

tions, and a lurking ambition to wear her

brother's clothes. So many "problems of pas

sion" have been put before the public that it is

quite a relief to meet with a novel in which the

view, one of woman's greatest sources of weakness lies in the nobility of her nature. Under the title of "How to Listen to Music" (Scribners) Mr. Henry Edward Kreabiel has written an interesting treatise, wherein, while disclaiming any desire to edify either the musical professor or the musical scholar, he gives a number of hints and suggestions to untaught lovers of the art, by the study of which he believes a rudimentary knowledge may be gained that will open the ears to a thousand beauties without in any way impairing the merely sensuous enjoyment and emotional excitement of System." found time to give us the lighter and music, its material side, which is suprehended through the sense of hearing and comprehended

through the intellect, and its spiritual side, which eaches us through the imagination and the emotional part of us. He then proceeds to a rudimen tary analysis of form, dividing music into its elements of melody, harmony, and rhythm, and showing the relationship of musical tones in respect of time and pitch, thus gradually leading the reader on to an understanding of the principle of symphonic unity. Absolute music, programme music, and classical, romantic, and chamber music are discussed in a special chapter, while in one devoted to the modern orchestra, he gives a minute description of each instrument, its capacity, and the manner of its employment in the production of certain effects. velopment that has taken place from the orehestra of Handel to that of Wagner, with its multitudinous voices and almost infinite range of expression. On all these subjects he discourses pleasantly and with the enthusiasm of a lover of the art, but in the chapter on opera his tendency to exait the German school at the expense of all others will by no means find favor with every reader, more particularly when it carries him to the length of describing "Il Trovatore" as "Verdi's medley of burnt children and asthmatic dance thythus." A certain catholicity of taste is one of the first things we look for in the man who would teach us how to listen to music. Musiclaus, however, like doctors, are proverbially prone to disagree, and so, while we are inclined to think it a debatable question whether or no the capacity to listen to music intelligently can be gained by the reading of any treatise, however careful and complete, we can recommend Mr. Krehbiel's book as one wherein a fascinat-

ing subject is treated in a very entertaining way. Mr. Ira Nelson Morris, a young gentleman from Chicago, has written an account of a holiday journey which he publishes in an artistically bound little volume entitled "With the Trade Winds: A Jaunt in Venezuela and the West indies." (Scribners.) The book contains a full length portrait of the author and several illustrations from photographs. One of the most interesting objects described by Mr. Morris is a young girl be met on shipboard, who, "seated comfortably in a steamer lounge, with the moon's soft rays about her, added new lustre to the surroundings." He observes the process by which raw sugar is manufactured, goes to several dinner parties, and meets with the mild experiences that fall to the lot of the average globe trotter. But we wish he had told us more about that girl. From the few brief and unsatisfying glimpses he gives us we are sure she was interesting. In fact, after reading the book, we wish he had let her write it for him. He is not gifted with her phenomenal power of adding "new lustre to the surroundings."

"Urban Dialogues," by Mr. Louis E. Shipman Stone & Kimball), is a number of brightly written sketches in the form made so nopula by Mr. Anthony Hope and others. Mr. Shipman has a light hand and his satire is good-natured. but his writing is very uneven in merit. It is hard to recognize the Jack Oliver of "An International Complication" in the rather objectionable young snob who figures in "Democracy and one or two of the other sketches. Several of the numbers, reprinted from Life and Leslie's Weekly, are illustrated by Mr. Charles Dana libeon in his inimitable way.

Mr. Charles Charrington, who has had a somewhat checkered career as journalist, artist, ector, and theatrical manager, now comes before the public as the author of two cleverly written and very readable stories, "Lady Bramber's Ghost" and "A Sturdy Beggar" (Stone & Kimball), Lady Bramber is a woman well known by reason of her divorce, her diamonds, and the successful novels and plays she periodically produces. Who and what her ghost is, and is part in the story, it is but fair to let Mr. Charrington tell in his own way. He satirizes some of the fantastic notions of London literary folk, and though his cynic ism is often bitter, he is never dull, for which reason much may be forgiven. In "A Sturdy Beggar" he is less successful, and spoils a sketch that up to a certain point is really interesting by a weak and ultra morbid ending general level of public taste in matters of art indoubtedly offer scope to the satirist, but things are not so bad as to justify such a hone essly peasimistic view as that taken by Mr. Charrington.

Mr. Charles A. Shriner, State Fish and Game Protector, has compiled a treatise on "The Birds of New Jersey," which is printed and published by authority of the Fish and Game Commission of the State of New Jersey The work is written in plain and non-technical language, in which the terms used in the nomenclature of birds are omitted. and it is intended, not for the student of ornithology, but for the reader to whom the song of the boboliuk is of more importance than the fact that he is a doluhonyr orygrorus of the family of icterider. Mr. Shriner, to his preface, claims for the book no higher title than that of a compilation, based upon Wilson's "American Ornithology," and he acknowledges indebted. ness to Mr. Whitmer Stone's "Birds of Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey." He has added copy of an interesting circular issued by the Division of Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, relative to the suggested establishment of a national "Bird Day" in our schools, on the same general plan as "Arbor Day." In view of the fact that the clearing of forests, draining of swamps, cultivation of land, and increasing staughter of game are bringing about a rapid decrease in the numof birds throughout the country, it certainly seems desirable that the children in our schools should be taught their value and importance, and made familiar with the laws protecting them. The volume contains a number of illustrations from photographs of specimens, some of which were mounted for the purpose by Mr. Andrew Booth of Paterson, and others taken from the American Museum of Natural History in New York city.
Volume 111. of "American Orations, Studies

n American Political History" (Putnams), originally edited by Mr. Alexander Johnston, late professor of jurisprudence and political economy in the College of New Jersey, is now re edited, with historical and textual notes, by Mr. James Albert Woodburn, professor of American history and politics in Indiana University. This volume is devoted to the continuation of the slavery controversy and to the progress of the secession movement, which culminated in the civil war; and in the present revised edition a number of speeches have been added, among them Lincoln on the Dred Scott decision, Wade on secession and the state of the Union, and the speech in which Jefferson Davis took leave of the United States Senate in 1861.

Messrs. Putnams publish, in a handsomely bound volume, a new edition of Mr. Abrata C Dayton's "Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York." This interesting work, written in 1871 and originally published in 1880, is now for the first time put before the public in shape bentting its merits as a historic record of an interesting period in the life of this city. The volume is illustrated with a number of portraits

and curious old drawings. We have also received "Garden and Forest: A Journal of Horticulture, Landscape Art, and Forestry." Conducted by Charles S. Sargeut, director of the Arnold Arboretum, professor of arboriculture in Harvard College, &c. Iliustrated. Vol. IX., January to December, 1896 (The Garden and Forest Publishing Company.) "Contemporary Theology and Theism." R. M. Wenley, D. Phil. (Glasgow), professor of philos-

ophy in the University of Michigan, (Scribners The Story of Extinct Civilizations of the East." Robert E. Anderson, M. A., F. A. S. with maps, &c. (D. Appleton & Co.) "Scribner's Magazine." Published monthly, with illustrations. Vol. XIX., January to June. 1896. Vol. XX., July to December, 1896. "The Life and Letters of William Barton

Rogers." Edited by his wife, with the assistance of William T. Sedgewick. 2 vols. (Hough-"Frances Waldeaux." Rebecca Harding

"That Affair Next Door." Anna Katharine Green. (Putnama.) "The Substance of His House." Poems. Proseer Hall Frye. (Putnams.) "Phroso." By Anthony Hope. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.) THE WATER COLOR SOCIETY EX-HIBITION.

last night the American Water Color Society gave its annual " private view for the press and profession" in the galleries of the Academy of Design, where the thirtleth annual exhibition will be opened to the public on Monday, Feb.

1. Everybody that is anybody in the art world goes to the "Water Color Night"; the hermits come out of their hiding places and the men who have gone out of town arrange their affairs so as to get back in time for this enjoyable festivity. The galleries were crowded last night as usual. The decoration of the rooms has been done by Mr. Walter Satteries this year, and is beautiful and effective. At the head of the staircase there is a special feature consisting of a gilded statue of an angel placed above the door leading into the north gallery, and handsome hangings, carvings, and smaller figures of cherubs. This forms a sort of centre for the general scheme. The walls of the galleries are covered with hangings of dull colored stuff with a tinge of gold brouze in it, and various ornamental oblects such as paims and wreaths of gold, jars filled with chrysanthemums, opalescent glass plaques, strings of Venetian beads, painted birds, and gilded ribbons are introduced in the frieze decorations of the different rooms. The exhibition numbers 509 works, and seems

this, one of the most interesting and pleasurable of all American art shows. In the centre of the long wall in the south gallery the Evans prize picture for this year, "The tireen Cushion," by irving R. Wiles, is hung, flanked by Albert Herter's "The Peacocks," on the left, and by "The December Moon," by Charles Warren Eaton, on the right. Other prem inent "centres" on the line in this room are given to Walter Palmer's "The Brook in Winter," F. S. Church's " The Song of the Jungle," W. L. Lathrop's "November Evening." Henry B. Snell's " An Ocean Tragedy," Henry Warrer's The Glories of the Dying Day," and Edwin A. Abbey's "A Quiet Conscience," In the east Gallery "An Upland Pasture," by R. M. Shurtleff; "The Reaper," by Walter Satterlee; "A Dreary Road." by Ben Foster: "Return of the Flock," by Charles Mente: "The Top of the Cliffs," by Henry B. Snell, and "Low Tide, Venice," by Thomas Moran, are the centres of "panels," as they are called in hanging committee parlance. In the north gallery similar positions are held by William T. Smedley's "An Afternoon Spin on Riverside Drive," Arthur Parton's "Magura," Waiter Paimer's "A Winter's Dawn," Edmund H. Garrett's "The Terrace, Haddon Hall," James Symington's "La Sefiorita," George H. Smillie's "Somes Sound, from South-west Harbor, Me.," and Harry Fenn's "Bab Tôma, Damascus."

In the west gallery prominent places are given to "The Wounded Bird," by Percival De Luce; "Nightfall," by F. K. M. Rehn; "A Mountain Village, Andalusia, Spain," by Henry P. Smith; "The End of Summer," by Letitia B. Hart, and "A Winter Symphony," by Leonard Ochtman. At the head of the stairs in the corridor on either side of the doorway are two pictures by Ross Turner, "The Golden Galleon" and "Extra No. 7." The illustrated catalogue of the exhibition bears a design on the cover by George Wharton Edwards.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Arrived FRIDAY, Jan. 29.

Arrived Friday, Jan 79
Sa Trave, Thatenhorst, Bremen,
ne Mobile, Layland, London,
ne Munchen, Von Collen, Bremen,
ne Grenada, Legg, Trinidad
Sa Alsenborn, Charles, Baltimora,
ne Comai, Evan, Galveston,
ne Jamestown, Hulphers, Norfolk
ne City of Birmingham, Burg, Navannah,
ne Et Monte, Farker, New Oricana,
hhip Josephus, Gilkey, Shanghat,
out, after arrivances o citat Page.

Se Rotterdam, from New York, at Rotterdam, Se Ulympia, from New York, at Ulbraitar, Sa Rinsesippi, from New York, at London, So City of augusta, from New York, at Savaonah.

Se Boyle, from New York for Liverpool, passed the leard, he breaden, from New York for Bremen, passed the Sa Derson, From Amsterdam for New York, passed Beachy Head, Sa St. Irene, from New York for Liverpool, passed Brow Head.

Sa Georgie, from Liverpool for New York.
Sa Critic, from Dundes for New York.
Sa Critic, from Dundes for New York.
Sa Manitoon, from London for New York.
Sa Araova, from Shelds for New York.
Sa Paiatia, from Hamburg for New York. So Rio Grande, from Brusswick for New York Sau To Day Campania, Liverpool
La tasvogne, Havre
Anchoria, triasgow
Mobile, London
Seguranca, Havana
Habana, Havana
Trinidad, Bermuda
Altar, Kingston
Aipa, Hayti
Advance Colon
Prins F. Hendrik, Hayti
El Sud, New Orleana
Hudson, New Urleana
Algonquin, Charleston
Concho, Galveston,
City of Birmingham, Savannah
Sott Roude # 00 P. M. 12 00 A. M. 12 00 A. M. 1 00 P. M. 1 00 P. M. 1 00 P. M. 1 00 P. M. 10 00 M. 12 00 M. 12 00 M. 12 00 M. 12 00 P. M. 10 00 P. M. 8.00 P. M. Sail Ronday, Feb. 1 Werkendam, Rotterdam, 5:00 A. M. Sail Theeday, Feb. U. Trave, Bremen 7:00 A. M. 10:00 A. M. 10 00 A. M.

Trave, Bremen
La Grande Duchesse, 5a
vannah
Seminole, Charleston ind stramsurthe To Day.
Swanses
Penarth
Liverpool
St. Lucia
Hui
Newvastie
Newvastie La Grante Duchesse La Bretagne. Nomadic. Schiedam Italia St. Enoch Shaucer Tumuri outslana Liverpool
N. Lucia
Havana
New Orleans
sestay, Feb. 2
London
Gibraltar
Giasgow Massachusetts.
Hesperia
Harmatian
St. Cuthbert
Jane Keisali
Thingvalia
Irequois
El Rio Copenhagen Jacksonville New Orleans inceday, Fro. Liverpool Hamburg Swansea Reemen

Georgian. Albano. Claverbill. Business Motices.

Anheuser-Busch's Matt.Nutrine, the greatest of malt tonics, is invaluable to nursing mothers, feeble children, the infirm and convalescent For sale by all druggists.

Ashenser-Busch Brewlag Ass's ommends the use of the greatest of all tonic "Mait-Nutrine," and guarantees the merits claimed for it. For sain by all druggists.

DIED.

COCHRAN. -On Jan. 28, at New Brighton, State Island, Robert Cochran, in the 53d year of his age.
Funeral private, at the residence of his son in-law,
L. Sidney Carrire.
CONDIT.—At Millburn, N. J., Jan. 29, 1897, Israel

D. Condit, in the 95th year of his age. Funeral services at St. Stephen's Church, Miliburn, Monday, Feb. 1, at 8 o'clock P. M. HOLT, Suddenly, Jan. 28, 1897, S. Augustus Holt

In his 68th year.

Funeral services Saturday afterneon, Jan. 30, at
3.30, in Christ Rpiscopal Church, Gles Ridge, N.
J. Interment private. Train on Delawars, Lackawanns and Western Railroad leaves at 2:10 foot SANEWAY,-At Bermuda, on Jan. 15, 1897, Dr. Thomas Theodore Janeway, in the 57th year of his Funeral services will be held at Trinity Church

Princeton, N. J., on Saturday, Jan. 30, on the arrival of the 11 o'clock train from New York, Penn gylvania kialiroad. It is kindly requested that no flowers be sent. EFPNER.—On Thursday, Jan. 28, Sophia Kepner. Funeral services at her late residence, 32 West 69th

et., Saturday, 4 P. M. Interment private. Kindly omit flowers.

Mew Bublications.

MILLER,-On Jan. 27, Hugh Caskle Miller, sud denty, aged 48 years.
Funeral services Monday, Feb. 1, 1:50 P. M., at his late residence, 243 West 21st st.

McNAMARA,-Thursday, Jan. 28, 1897, Lawrence J. MoNamara, M. D.

J. MoNamara, M. D.

J. Monamara, M. D.

Funeral on Monday, Peb. 1, 1897, at 10 o'clock A.

M. from his residence, 126 Washington place, theuse to St. Joseph's Church, Washington place and 6th av. Relatives and friends are invited to

ENNIMAN,-On Wednesday, Jan. 27, at her restdence, 536 5th av., Mary Elizabeth, wife of George H. Penulman and daughter of the late Gardner Brewer of Boston, Mass. Funeral services at 536 5th av., Saturday, Jan. 80,

at 10 o'clock A. M.

SMALLEY.—Suddenly, on Jan. 26, Emma Skillman Cook, wife of William W. Smalley.

Fineral from her late residence. Bound Brook, N. J.,

Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2:30 P. M.

STERRS, -On Wednesday, Jan 27, at her residence, 235 West 132d st., Susanne Amelia Moeran, widow of Abraham Steers. Funeral services at St. Andrew's Church, 197tn st. and 5th av., Sunday, Jan. 31, at 1 P. M. Relatives and friends invited.

THE KENSICO CEMETERY.—Private station, Har-lem Railroad, 43 minutes rido from the Grand Central Depot. Office, 15 East 47d st.

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TO-NEGET at S o'clock, Mits Jessie A. Fowler ill lecture on "Heredity" at 27 East Clat at.

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("HURCH OF THE PEOPLE Five Points Mission. Dr. Sanford, paster, 10:30, 7:30; Sunday school. 9:30; Blustrated lantern talk at night. All welcome. EGLISE DU SAINT ESPRIT, 30, 92e rue quest. Services religieux le dimanche a 10h. 5 du matin et a 7h. 5 du soir. Esv. A. Wittmeyer, Recieur. FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTELIAN CHURCH, corner 55th st., Rev. John Hall, D. D., pastor. - Services Sunday, Jan. 31, 11 A. M. and 4 P. M. MADINON AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, corner Maist at. Rev. Henry M. Sanders. D. D. pastor. Worship, with serrom by pastor. II A. M. In the afternoon at 4.70, and during the Sundays of January at the same hour evaluating service will be held, at which Rev. Ir. Edward Judson will preach. All seats free. Strangers welcomed. The evening service omitted.

DEV. S. PARKES CADMAN, at M-tropolitan Temple, R. 7th av. and lath at. 10 45. "A Statesman." Full choral service. S. Ethical Teaching (George Einst and Thomas Hardy." Tuesdaya 12. P. M. Ballington Rooth." Friday, questions answered, a unique service. Prof. Johnston organist.

COCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE. Sunday, Jan. St. 1887, at 11 16 A. M. lecture by Prof. Felix Adder, at Carnegie Moste Hall corner of 57th at and 7th av. Stolyset. "The Place of Woman in the Sphere of Religion." All interested are invited.

SPIRITUALISM - Herteley Lyroum, 21 West 44th at Mrs. Gladding speaks. Morning, 11; evening, 8; afternoon, 3. Mrs. Gladding and Miss May Pepper of Providence.

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